

The Children's Newspaper, Week Ending July 3, 1943

FINDING OUT

VISCOUNT MORLEY much admired the genius of our Prime Minister in the making of graphic phrases. One of Mr Churchill's newest phrases has set in train thoughts that would have stirred the ranging imagination of the old scholar-statesman.

"This phrase, which all the world still echoes, was a grimly humorous comment, uttered before the American Congress. "Can the enemy be reduced to submission by bombardments of which the incomparable air forces of the Allies are capable?" he had asked, to answer in measured accents: "There is no harm in trying to find out."

Inquiring Minds

"Finding out" has been the aim and endeavour of the thinkers, the pioneers, the valorous hearts of all the ages. It remains the paramount preoccupation today.

It was the skin-clad, woaded Winston Churchills of the age before history who, resolved to find out what lay beyond the bay or the river, bestrode a log, pushed out through the unplumbed waters, and became the first mariners. Those who found out how to bit and bridle a horse began man's emancipation from burden-bearing and travel afoot. Men of like ingenious minds it was who thought it expedient to find out how to maintain sheep, with dogs tamed from wolves to guard them; and cattle, won from their forest fierceness to docile acceptance of the first man-owned pastures, thus establishing true civilisation.

FINDING OUT how to improve conditions which threatened death as the accompaniment of change brought man from his dwelling in the tree-tops to the chill security of the cave, from the cave to the first crude hut, and from the hut of grass and wood to the house of brick and stone, with an environment of corn-fields, orchards, and green meadows in place of thicket, morass, and stark wilderness.

Finding out nerved the hand of the rude surgeons of the Stone Age to chisel ruined bone from an injured human skull, and to reunite the fractured limb of the warrior fallen in battle. It was these inquiring minds that first discovered how to make fire a servant instead of a master, to apply it to the cooking of food, to the release of iron from its matrix, and to the forging of tools which have given us dominion over Nature.

Rounding the Cape

The necessity for discovering what lay beyond impelled man to out-travel the birds in his exploration of the unmapped world, with all its incalculable riches and resources. Sojourning awhile with experts at Carthage recently, the Prime Minister, intent on finding out how best to help forward the Allied war offensive, trod ground from which, 24 centuries ago, set out one of the first peace offensives. It was from Carthage that, in the fifth century B.C., Phoenicians sailed to found cities and colonies along both coasts of unknown Africa. They were following on the routes opened up a century earlier by crews sent forth by Pharaoh Necho of Egypt, who bade his men find out a southern route from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. Three years that voyage had taken, and the Egyptian mariners grew their supplies as they went. Landing, they sowed corn, waited till it came to harvest, then sailed away with the fruits of their labours, to find and round the Cape of Good Hope, as we now call it, sail up the west coast of Africa into the Mediterranean, and so home.

Not for another 20 centuries was the voyage repeated, and then Diaz, with the course reversed, found out again that Africa has an end and does not extend unbroken to the South Pole. Columbus sought China and the East by sailing to the West, but unwittingly found America instead.

BUT human progress, with its springtime and summer, has known the blight of recurrent winter. Hitler and Mussolini are not the first of their malevolent order. After Alaric, with his sacking of Rome in the fifth century, came the still more ruthless, ruffianly Attila. From the successive assaults of this infamous pair, Western civilisation fell, as it would fall again today were not its insensate twin enemies overthrown.

For a thousand years night brooded over the spirit and intellect of a Europe benumbed. Then, with the re-birth of learning, the triumphant reawakening of the passion for finding out, came such an uprising of energy as the world has never before witnessed. Our Drake and Raleigh, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Milton, Byrd and Purcell, Newton and Wren, were sons and grandsons of the Renaissance.

They were forerunners of an Age of Finding Out. Men learned to read the riddle of the heavens, to banish magic and quackery and to substitute rational treatment of disease, to investigate the properties of matter, to harness steam, to conjure electricity into being, to bridge the seas with steamers, to thread the land with railways, and to speed by solid-seeming pathways through the yielding air. Britain, pioneer in all this finding-out, became the centre of industries more opulent than imagination had ever conceived.

Claims Upon the Conscience

In our haste and prodigal expenditure of effort we made hideous mistakes as to industrial conditions, but, as we were the first to recognise the error, so were we the first to seek to redress them. Most reforms had their origin here. We began; we have yet to complete them. We abolished slavery. We alone learned the ideal method of holding together in amity and affection the components of a great Commonwealth of Nations.

We have found out much but by no means all. The claims upon the conscience of the nation continue infinite. We have to find out how to maintain a steady level of national well-being, how to secure, in a world of plenty, that no man, woman, or child shall suffer need. We have to banish slums and substitute seemly homes in which their possessors may rejoice. To improve the health of the nation it is essential that from the cradle to old age one and all shall have adequate medical treatment; and our doctors must be encouraged and inspired to attempt the removal of all deadly maladies from the sum of human experience. Our educational system must aim at producing, not merely scholars, but citizens conscious of the noble heritage to which they are born, citizens proud of their Empire, citizens in whom the Empire may take pride.

WE must find out how to preserve justice and equity between employers and employed, and we must courageously promote reforms. Finally, we have to find out how so to harmonise relations that, while weak and backward peoples are nurtured, strengthened, and sustained, the lawless, brutal, and unscrupulous shall never again be free to impose their evil will upon mankind.

CHILDREN'S
NEWSPAPER
EVERY TUESDAY 3d
POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 4d
No 1267
FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

Daisies of Liberty Hall



Gathering daisies in the grounds of Liberty Hall at Pembury in Kent, a home provided by American garment workers for young evacuees

Gideons and Their Bibles

ALL the members of the United States Congress have been presented with a Bible by the Gideons of America.

The Gideons started in a small way in 1908 when a group of commercial travellers, all active Christians, thought of placing Bibles in hotels, and gave their organisation the name of a Bible character, Gideon. They began by placing 24 in the Superior Hotel at Iron Mountain, Montana. Since then 2,000,000 complete Bibles have been placed in America and thirty foreign countries. They go not only to hotels, but to many institutions.

The work is financed by voluntary contributions, and during the last twelve months nearly £15,000 has been received for purchase of Bibles. Money comes from unexpected sources. "We are farmers," wrote a couple living in Kansas, "and, having sold some cattle, we wish to put a tithe in your hands for this purpose. Enclosed is cheque for £10."

A cheque for several hundred pounds, came from another farmer, whose son in the Service had received a Gideon Testa-

ment. This farmer had been accustomed to raising pigs as income for a missionary fund, but this time he decided his missionary pigs would be Gideon pigs, hence the contribution after they had gone to market.

The Gideons have also contributed four million copies of the Bible to American Service men. For this purpose the Bible is bound in waterproof bindings.

The American Congressmen had their Bible bound in white, and Charles J. Pietsch, a Gideon who in business life is a real estate broker and appraiser, made the presentation. It was really his idea.

"For some time I had felt," he said, "that inasmuch as we are placing with the boys of our armed forces many copies of the Word of God, that if it is good enough for the boys it should be good enough for our leaders in Washington."

Mr Pietsch talked over his project with Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, presiding officer of the Senate, and Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House. Both liked his idea and gave him permission to distribute the Bibles.

KING-EMPEROR'S DEPUTY

The Field-Marshal Who Loves Books

ONE of the proudest yet most onerous posts in the world is that of Viceroy of India. Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell has been appointed to succeed Lord Linlithgow, whose term of service ends in October.

Sir Archibald will be the Emperor's representative in this vast land of some 390 million people, who speak 225 distinct languages, and profess many faiths.

The new Viceroy has had two years' experience of this large country of mixed races as Commander-in-Chief. So he has had intimate contact with all the political leaders of the conflicting schools of policy by which the life of this great land is animated. The first soldier to serve in this exalted office, the Field-Marshal, who is 60, is not only illustrious as a soldier, but distinguished as a student, teacher, and brilliant writer.

At the outset of the war he commanded in the Middle East, where, with meagre forces insufficiently equipped, he saved Palestine and Egypt, and when Mussolini's feline blow was launched, won a series of magnificent victories over the Italians. His triumphant progress was checked by the despatch of vital elements of his forces from Africa to Greece; but before his transfer to the chief military command in India, he had laid the foundations on which our immense triumph in Tunisia was based.

If he shows the proficiency in mastering the major Indian languages that he has revealed in others, official intercourse will present few difficulties.

The people of India, who venerate a valiant man of single mind, will find such a leader in this stalwart new Viceroy. Field-Marshal Wavell is known

as Eighty-Book Wavell, because that is the number of books he carries about with him everywhere he goes. Many of these books are poems, of which he is a fine judge.

In this he resembles Air-Chief-Marshal Tedder, another of our great war heroes, who reads all the new poetry he can find, taking a special interest in poems by men of the R.A.F. But unlike Wavell, who is the author of a study on Field-Marshal Allenby, Tedder has yet to make a name as a writer.

Many other leaders in this war and the last are well known for their literary interests.

Mr Churchill is one of the great prose writers of the day, while poetry is much to the taste of our brilliant Air Minister, Sir Archibald Sinclair. General Montgomery is a reader of history. Cromwell being, as might be expected, his hero. General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson is an exceptionally well-read man.

The outstanding literary fighting-man of the last war was, of course, Lawrence of Arabia. Lord Lloyd and Sir Mark Sykes, who did outstanding work in the Near East in those half-forgotten days, were gifted writers, and so was Sir Ian Hamilton, still happily with us nearly 30 years after Gallipoli.

It has been the fashion in this country to assume that a man who was well-read, and particularly a man who wrote, could not be a competent soldier. Xenophon, Julius Caesar, and Sir Walter Raleigh hardly bear out this prejudiced view.

Rags & Tags For Victory Maps

By a Salvage Man

HAVE you ever torn an ordinary road map, the kind you get in railway or tourist guides? Such maps are made from wood-pulp fibres.

Now, our fighting men all need maps to take them to new battlefields, or strange coasts, into unknown harbours, or on raids over miles of unknown country.

Their maps don't tear or break at the folds, yet these are made of paper, too. Why are they stronger than ordinary maps? The answer is simply that they are made of cotton rags from our salvage, and bits of salvaged string as well.

Our rags and string are beaten down to their original cotton and twine fibres, and these are mixed with the ordinary paper fibres when map paper is being made. The result is an extra tough paper which does not tear, yet can be folded small so as to go into a pocket or a haversack.

There is one other great advantage with map paper. If you have ever left a newspaper out in the rain you know how quickly it becomes soft and pulpy and quite unfit for use. Ordinary map paper would do just the same, and of course we cannot offer the Forces maps which go soft in a little rain. Plans for battles are usually made under cover, but once the advance has started or the battle begun the soldier must take the weather as it comes. Think of charts in rough weather, with surging waves and flying spray!

Will every reader of the C.N. therefore save every scrap of cotton material for salvage, ends of cotton too, and even small bits of string, as well as paper.

Our fighting men need maps, and will need plenty of new ones as we close in on the enemy.

Adding Three Million Acres to Our Forests

The Forestry Commissioners are asking the Treasury to support their ambitious plan to create 5,000,000 acres of new British forests, which would provide one-third of the nation's timber requirements.

Our present woodland area is 3,000,000 acres, and much of it is not well cared for. It is suggested that two-thirds of this area should be used as a basis for the new scheme, and a further 3,000,000 acres planted, making 5,000,000 acres. The plan proposes to add one new forest park every year to the three national parks now existing.

The Commissioners do not forget that for the second time in a single generation British woodlands are being drastically dealt with to meet war needs.

No Ear for Music

All those who have not yet trained themselves to enjoy what is the highest form of music are in good, or perhaps we should say illustrious, company.

Dr Samuel Johnson had no great ear for music. On one occasion he was persuaded much against his will to listen to a long and complicated piece of classical music. At its close one of his friends remarked that it was a most difficult composition.

"I wish it had been impossible," the great man replied.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A PIGEON post service of 1000 birds, organised by the Ministry of Food to ensure communications during the days of heavy bombing of British towns, has just been ended and the birds have been returned to the National Pigeon Service.

Canada is building a pipe-line more than 1000 miles long to carry crude oil from the new McKenzie River oilfield to a refinery at White Horse, and to take petrol and oil to fleets of lorries using the Alaska Highway and to Alaskan ports.

In the 1942-3 season a million and a quarter acres of permanent grassland have been ploughed up in the United Kingdom.

A small number of self-binders and threshing sets have been sent from Britain to help with the corn harvest in Eire, where big crops are expected.

In the past two months about 50 U-boats have been destroyed, about one-fifth of the number sunk since the war began.

Mrs Burnett Smith, who has died at 84, was known to millions as the novelist Annie S. Swan. The homely stories of this gracious Scottish lady delighted the girls of today as much as their mothers and grandmothers before them.

The value of U.S. Lend-Lease aid from March 11, 1941 to May 31, 1943 was £2,973,250,000.

The schoolchildren of Lerwick in the Shetlands were given a special half-holiday, and in that time collected nearly 21 tons of salvage, raising £45 for Lady Cripps' United Aid to China Fund, and bringing the total sent in from that remote town to £208.

A spaniel has been rescued from an abandoned mineshaft in Cornwall, eighty feet deep, where it is believed to have been trapped for a week.

A notice has been placed on the letter-box of a house in Malton, Yorkshire, asking the public to protect from interference a pair of blue-tits which, as they did last year, have made a nest inside and are rearing 11 fledglings.

The Congo Cheers Churchill

MR CHURCHILL'S fame is world-wide, yet we hardly expected Negroes in the heart of the Belgian Congo to know his face. When a Ministry of Information film was being shown in an open space of the Congo forest-land not long ago and the features of our great Prime Minister appeared on the screen, the roar of cheering from several thousand natives startled the people of a village two miles away.

The films had been sent out to our Press attaché at Leopoldville, who lent them to an enthusiastic Belgian colonist. This patriot took his own projector into the bush, and collected his own audiences.

The Belgian Congo has been the only part of King Leopold's

The Ministry of Supply has cut down new material for towels and tea-cloths used in schools and colleges to five square yards a year for every 100 pupils, which works out at eight inches square for each pupil—equal to the size of a small handkerchief.

During Wings for Victory Week at Chelmsford, Essex, an old-age pensioner, who had been bombed out of his home, gave 10s—all he possessed—declaring it was in gratitude to the R.A.F.

In a London Law Court recently a number of Indians appeared with names so unpronounceable and difficult to understand that each had to be labelled so as to identify him.

R.A.F. aircrews are now carrying their own first-aid kits in blast-proof, non-inflammable packages in their life-saving jackets.

M. Tatarescu, Rumanian ex-Premier, was among 2500 people arrested in Bucharest by the German Secret Police recently.

Youth News Reel

THE Log Book of the Scout Club at Halifax, Nova Scotia, contains signatures of 1500 visitors, representing almost every part of the Empire and all ranks up to Admiral.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lorne M. Campbell is the sixth member of the Scout Movement to receive the Victoria Cross in this war. Colonel Campbell has been an Assistant Scoutmaster, District Rover Scout Leader, and Assistant District Commissioner for Rover Scouts of Guildford.

Ten of the recent honour graduates at West Point, the famous American military academy, were Scouts. At Annapolis 33 of the 51 graduates were Scouts; at the U.S. Naval Academy 18 of the first 19 graduates were Scouts; and 38 of the 72 graduates at the Coast Guard Academy were Scouts.

CAPTAIN MACGOWAN, the war correspondent, who is also Scout District Commissioner for Brentford and Chiswick, has written to his Scouts telling them that there is a Free French Scout Movement in Morocco.

THE QUEEN'S STANDARD

KEEN-EYED passers-by noticed with surprise the other day that a slightly different flag from the Royal Standard was flying above the roof of Buckingham Palace. Students of heraldry would have known that in addition to the Royal Arms were the blue and white quarterings of the Bowes-Lyon family. It was, in fact, the standard of Queen Elizabeth, and indicated that she was residing there, but the King was absent.

As all the world knows, the King had flown to see his gallant Army and their Allies in North Africa, while the Queen was act-

ing with four other members of the Royal Family as a Counsellor of State. These five Counsellors of State were appointed by the King under an Act of Parliament passed in 1937 and known as the Regency Act. The Counsellors of State perform the duties of the King during his absence, or during any serious illness, but the Act does not give them power to dissolve Parliament unless the King sends them instructions so to do, or to grant titles.

The visit of His Majesty to Africa proved an outstanding success, and our Allies regarded it as a very great compliment.

Peace at Great Price

A PROPERTY-OWNER in Oporto, the second city of Portugal, is regretting the good-natured instincts which led him the other day to try to make peace among a crowd of brawling tenants.

For a long time their quarrels had been intolerable. Senhor Pimenta da Fonseca, a good landlord who deserved a better fate than all their noise and ill-feeling, decided to try a course which the wise King Solomon himself might well have approved. If they would only go elsewhere, he said, and leave him and his property in peace, he would give them £15 each, and they could take everything in the houses "except the bricks."

Some tenants took him at his

word. They packed up, they removed all the furniture which was their landlord's only security for the rents they owed him, they accepted his money. But they did much more than that. Every door in every house was removed, every window-frame and sash, even the timber of the floors and the tiles off the roofs. "Everything except the bricks," was indeed the story.

But that is not all. Senhor da Fonseca's former tenants are now doing good business, selling second-hand materials—the materials stripped from the houses of their much too indulgent landlord. We do not somehow think that King Solomon would have given his approval.

THINGS SEEN

Notice in a Dartford shop:

Persons placing orders here will be promptly executed.

An ant city 6 feet deep and 18 inches wide hollowed out inside an elm tree which crashed near Clacton.

An Italian prisoner from North Africa arriving at a London station carrying a tennis racquet.

Equal Pay for Black and White

Those who realise that the Negro population of the United States is about one-tenth of the entire population will be glad to learn that the Negroes employed in war industries in America will in future receive the same pay as White workers doing equal work. This is a decision of the War Labour Board.

Farmers Working to Order

MR L. F. EASTERBROOK, the agricultural expert, has recently given some interesting particulars of the drastic powers given to the County War Agricultural Committees.

Not only do the Committees decide whether every field should be ploughed or not, but they are now instructed and empowered to examine every flock and herd and to decide what shall be done to raise output. Thus they can instruct a dairy farmer to add to his herd; they can report upon feeding methods, farm building,

and other vital things such as water supply.

If necessary they order that grassland shall be re-seeded to enable the land to carry more stock. The old-time grass farms are to be brought into a rotation, contributing crops for a year or two, and then going back again to grass that will yield more and better milk, beef, and mutton. So the nation will gain better grass, enabling its farmers to keep more stock, and thus provide better milk yields and more meat.

GOOD-HEARTED LADS

Speaking at Eton College Mr B. S. Townroe told a story given him by M. Massigli, a member of the new French Committee for National Liberation at Algiers.

A well-known Frenchman was in his flat in Paris when he heard a ring at his bell. On looking to see who was there he was dismayed to see Gestapo officers in search of him. He immediately jumped out of his back window, and, although he sprained his ankle, managed to get into the street and reach an underground railway station.

There the Frenchman found he had no money, but he appealed for help to two boys playing in the street, saying, "Look here, I'm escaping from the German secret police. I want to travel by the Metro to a friend's house, but I have no money. Will you please help me?" They scraped together just enough.

A few days later the Frenchman reached London and joined the Fighting French.

THE STAY-AT-HOME SHEEP

The C.N. has told many a remarkable story of the distances sheep wander on the lonely moorlands of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire. But there are sheep of a special breed in the Trough of Bowland that never stray from their own lands.

This breed has been carefully evolved by the farmers themselves by the simple process of observing those animals which wandered least and breeding from them. Now there is a generation that does not wander at all.

500 MEN IN A PRISON

In the great San Quentin prison in California the Bible is very popular. More than 1200 of the prisoners out of 3000 were enrolled in Bible classes last year.

"The only effective aid of men in prison is through religion," said Chaplain McKericher, librarian for this huge institution. "Our aim is to create a new mental and spiritual attitude in men, to such an extent that they go back to society as new individuals."

In his experience at San Quentin Chaplain McKericher has kept his own score-sheet on 500 prisoners. More than 350 of these were under no religious influence after they reached the age of 15. About 75 per cent are under 35 when they enter prison; 58 per cent came from broken homes; 41 per cent were under the influence of drink when they committed their crimes, and 60 per cent were unemployed.

A GOOD TEAM

Bob Woodhouse, 56, his brother Bill, who is 58, and Bert Brookes, 55, have just driven home their four-millionth rivet at a Tyneside shipyard. They have worked as a riveting team for 38 years, and in all that time they have never been late or absent.

GERMANS SEE RED (AND WHITE & BLUE)

In countless ways Norwegians are managing to make life complicated for the Nazis.

With orders on hand for 30,000 pairs of shoes to be made of wood and paper, a factory was all in readiness to swing into mass production. Samples of the shoes had been approved by various officials. Suddenly the Germans sent orders that production must not begin. They had discovered that the paper to be used for the shoes was coloured red, white, and blue, and really was a form of anti-Nazi demonstration!

THE SILVER SHOWER

We hear that pennies have been dropping from heaven recently. They fell upon a minister in Northumberland, and one or two silver threepenny-bits with them. The minister picked up the coins, looked up, and found that the gifts were falling from a jackdaw's beak. When it had sent down two-shillings' worth of coins it flew off, and the minister at once put his windfall in a missionary box.

NEW RECORDS ON A WAR DIET

Food rationing does not appear to have affected the stamina of our schoolboys if we can judge from the results at the sports recently held at Beckenham and Penge County School, when five records were broken. Four of them had stood since peace days.

The boys at this school have a midday meal of meat, vegetables and sweets for sixpence—fourpence less than the cost of the meal in peacetime.

Nearly all the vegetables used have been grown on wastelands turned into allotments by the boys.

COINCIDENCE

Two women, one from Blackburn and the other from Oldham, met in a Blackpool apartment house.

Rather surprised, they found that their names were identical. Next they found they had two sons and two daughters bearing the same Christian names and of exactly the same age. Each had a dog of the same breed, and, to complete the chain of coincidence, it was found that the husband of each did the same kind of job.

DRAGONFLIES WERE DRAGONS THEN

A lady who had the advantage of reading the C.N. during her girlhood, and so should have known better, mildly disgraced herself the other day. With a little squeak of terror she ran away when a superb dragonfly coursed past her head in a London garden.

Such things, she protested, must be dangerous. When reminded that actually they are good friends, seeing that they devour insect enemies, the lady complained. "Well, dragonflies can offer no excuses for being so huge." This prompted the reply that during the luxuriant age in which our coal-seams were forming from tropical forests, dragonflies were giants indeed, with a wing span of more than two feet, which is double that of our biggest British bat.

"Well," said the lady, quite unimpressed, "as human beings did not exist then dragonflies had to do their frightening on other creatures." The debate did not continue.

Scots Never Give In

THERE must be many people of Scottish descent in America who see in the present great floods there, following the storms that swept away the soil of farms a few years ago, occurrences echoing events that drove their families to cross the Atlantic in quest of fresh woods and pastures new.

Eighty-three years ago a terrific gale descended on the north of Scotland, creating general and ruinous havoc. Nowhere was it more pitilessly destructive than in the lonely isle of St Kilda. Flood and tempest virtually destroyed the little settlement.

Every house was unroofed, every shed was swept away. All the crops were lifted bodily from the earth and, with the soil in which they grew, hurled out to sea. The island was reduced to desert conditions, and the boats that alone maintained communications with the mainland were driven from their havens and wrecked in the towering seas.

It was visitations like this that drove many of the best of American Scots to leave their homes for the New World with its promise, only in our own time to find the dust-storm and the deluge still pursuing them. They will recover; Scots never give in!

EMMA OF EL ALAMEIN

Emma was at the Battle of El Alamein. In fact, Emma was at all the battles during the Eighth Army's advance to Tripoli. We hasten to add that Emma is a hen belonging to Corporal Walsh of Wigan.

How Corporal Walsh came to own Emma is simple. He found her. Afterwards he made her a home under the brake pedals of his tank. As the guns blazed away Emma went on calmly laying an egg a day.

FLOWERS AMONG THE RUINS

Botanists in many of our blitzed cities and towns are finding flowers and shrubs that have not been seen there for hundreds of years.

In Manchester 79 new types of flowers and shrubs have been counted, and in Liverpool 82, while in London 95 have been noted. London botanists have been looking eagerly for the London Rocket (*Sisymbrium*), which grew abundantly in 1666, and has not been seen since the Great Fire. It has a whitish flower, the plant being from 18 inches to 2 feet tall.

At Folkestone a man has counted 44 kinds of wild flowers growing in Castle Hill Avenue, one of the best-kept thoroughfares in the town before the war.

WAR WORKERS

Mrs W. Bale, of Cymmer, Maesteg, Glamorgan, is 80, and is still an active and efficient telephone operator—probably the oldest in the country. Her husband, Mr W. Bale, is 84, and a retired stationmaster.

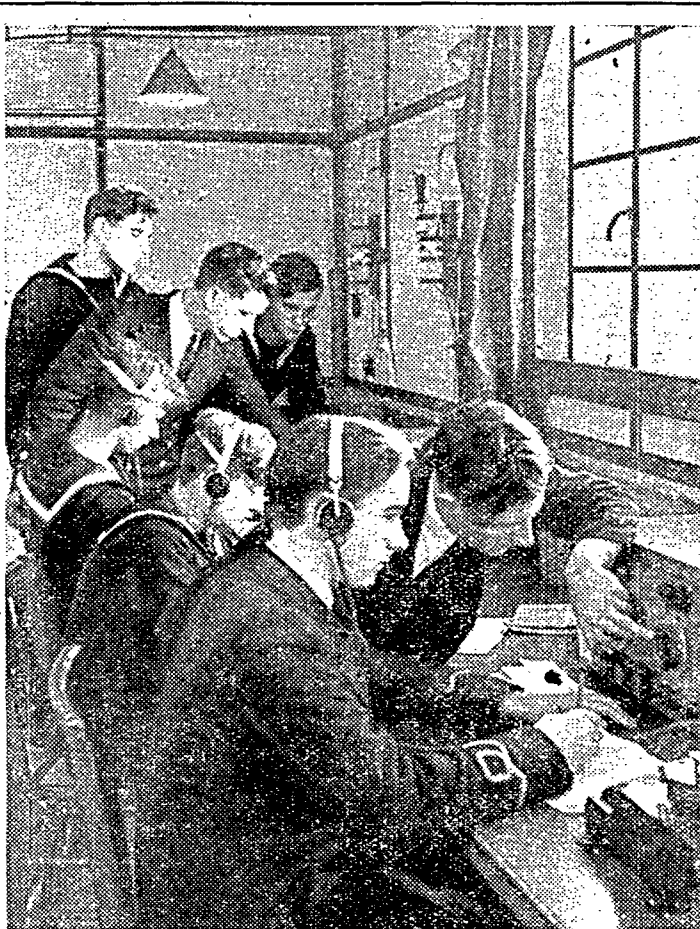
He is now working again, this time as public librarian at Cymmer, and he must be one of our oldest librarians.

PLYWOOD AEROPLANES

Already famous for his speedy work in constructing merchant ships, Mr Henry J. Kaiser has just produced the first of his great flying freighters and is two months ahead of schedule.

These aerial cargo carriers, which are constructed to carry over 50 tons of paying load, are built entirely of plywood. Mr Kaiser is under contract to build three of these ships for the War Production Board. The vessels have succeeded as models at the trials, and the Board has given special priorities for the necessary materials.

The plane has a wing spread of 320 feet and an overall length of 218 feet. The power is furnished by eight engines, giving the plane a speed of 174 miles per hour.



Airmen and Sailors Too

Fleet Air Arm observers receiving instruction in the use of wireless sets

NO STRANGER

An Australian who is now in London has been telling us that when he first came here on a visit at the beginning of the century he had no need of a map.

He already knew every inch of London from having read Dickens and studied the little maps until he knew them by heart, and therefore greeted the city like an old friend!

THESE AMERICANS

Countless are the stories told of kindly acts by our American guests.

Here is one from Manchester where 50 crippled children have been given a delightful day's outing by members of the American Red Cross.

It seems that the children would have had to go without their annual outing had not the American Army provided petrol for a run by car to Tabley House at Knutsford. But the Americans did more than provide the petrol; they escorted the cripples, bought them hot dogs and doughnuts, and also lots of sweets.

THE BACK DOOR BEE

A Bournemouth man who thought he was going to have a fine crop of broad beans was disappointed to see his blossoms falling.

He sat down to watch and then noticed that most of the bees, instead of going into the flowers by the proper front door, were biting a way in for themselves behind the blossom in order to get at the honey. So they were getting their honey without paying for it by fertilising the flower. It is a particular species of bee which takes this short though arduous cut to the honey.

BOYS AND BANANAS

Two boys living near Bournemouth received a present of one lemon and two bananas from a soldier friend in the Middle East.

They gave the lemon to be auctioned for the Red Cross. It brought in £1 13s.

The bananas were too tempting, so they ate one each!

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Life is Still Pleasant

LIFE in Britain in 1943 is still pleasant. A complacent message, one might think. But it was not so, for these words accompanied an anonymous gift of £100 in banknotes, found in a package by a Home Guard company commander at Cliffe, in Kent, when he went to his letter-box one morning recently.

This officer was raising money for the R A F Benevolent Fund, and the anonymous writers said they had given the £100 "as a small token of our thanks to the Almighty for many blessings, and to the men and women of the Allied Forces that life in this fourth year of war is still very pleasant."

This is the sort of anonymous letter that one welcomes, the letter of one who does good deeds but does not wish the world to know and praise them, because to him the mere doing is its own reward. Life is always pleasant, we think, for such people, for their kind hearts make it so.

WELLSIAN

Two eager admirers of Sir Richard Gregory found themselves together in a queue for his last lecture at the Royal Society of Arts. They had never met before and the younger man gazed shyly at the older.

"Both Encyclopedists, I believe?" said H. G. Wells, introducing himself. And Arthur Mee wore his brightest smile for the remainder of the day.

A Very Long Day

WARTIME has made us all familiar with the 24-hour clock and we know that, for instance, 23.15 hours means a quarter past eleven at night.

Why, then, should B B C speakers tell us that something happening at 23.00 hours takes place at 23 hundred hours?

If days were 24 hundred hours long, a month of Sundays would be almost a lifetime in passing. But luckily for this much-troubled world one is as devoid of fact as the other.

Under the Editor's Table

ITALIANS are bored with the talk of invasion, says the German radio. We can see through them.

A COMPOSER complains that another man stole his tune. Took notes.

THE Fascists maintain that Mussolini's heart is in the right place. In his mouth?

THERE are many things in Southern Ireland we haven't got in England. An Irish brogue, for instance.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If Lord Woolton points the way to Victory

POLICEMEN have a measured tread. At least two feet.

FISHERMEN'S pay is to go up. A greater net profit?

SOME M P s do not seem to know what they are after. Prefer to be first.

THERE is a huge steel plant in South America. Who planted it?

FINGER-PRINTS can be sent by air. Another version of hands across the sea.

The County

BY A COUNTRYMAN

OCCASIONAL scraps of information from the war communiqués have told us of the heroism of our splendid county regiments, and here at home, in numberless fields of endeavour, our counties are building their own history anew, and the boys and girls are among its builders everywhere.

And yet what has been, in the past, the significance of "the County" in our language? Too often it signified nothing but the claim of a few privileged families to receive the homage of the entire district in which they lived, and had little or no reference to the humbler servants of our country, the brave warriors and pioneers who lived in cottages and not in castles, the illustrious scholars who were the sons of the blacksmith's forge or the sub-postmaster's office. They were never counted as of "the County." Yet they were assuredly its very life and soul. It is being recognised today

that the County is the most precious expression of rural life: the schools, the farms, the Women's Institutes; the churches and chapels and all their activities; the branches of the British Legion, of the Scouts and Guides, of the Red Cross and the Order of St John. It is the cottage hospital and the ancient almshouse, the village store, the allotment.

The County is the yeoman and his family, the sturdy and tireless agricultural labourer, the horseman and the cowman and the milkmaid. It is the neat and pleasant railwayman's wife who tends the level-crossing, the cobbler and the baker and the butcher—and the little lady who teaches music. It is even the lodgekeeper who lives by the gates of the Great House, the chauffeur at the manor, the gardener at the parsonage.

All these people are significant, alive, *real*. Their work, their day, matters to us all. They, also, are the County.

The Pigs of Lincoln's Inn Fields

LONDON in wartime is a wonderful place and Peter Puck on his jaunts sees and hears many strange things. But the other day, when seeking relief from Fleet Street, he turned into Lincoln's Inn Fields, he could hardly believe his ears, such unfamiliar snortings and gruntings there were. Gruntings and snortings he had heard before in legal quarters such as this, but these were different. Peter Puck proceeded to the spot whence came the unexpected sounds, and there beheld, of all things, Pigs.

Nice, promising pigs they were, all in neat rows, happy and contented as only pigs can be; there they were on a bombed site, growing fat under the efficient supervision of gallant members of the N F S. Well, ignorance is bliss and presumably, thought Peter, pigs live in a perpetual state of bliss. Certainly these healthy porkers were all

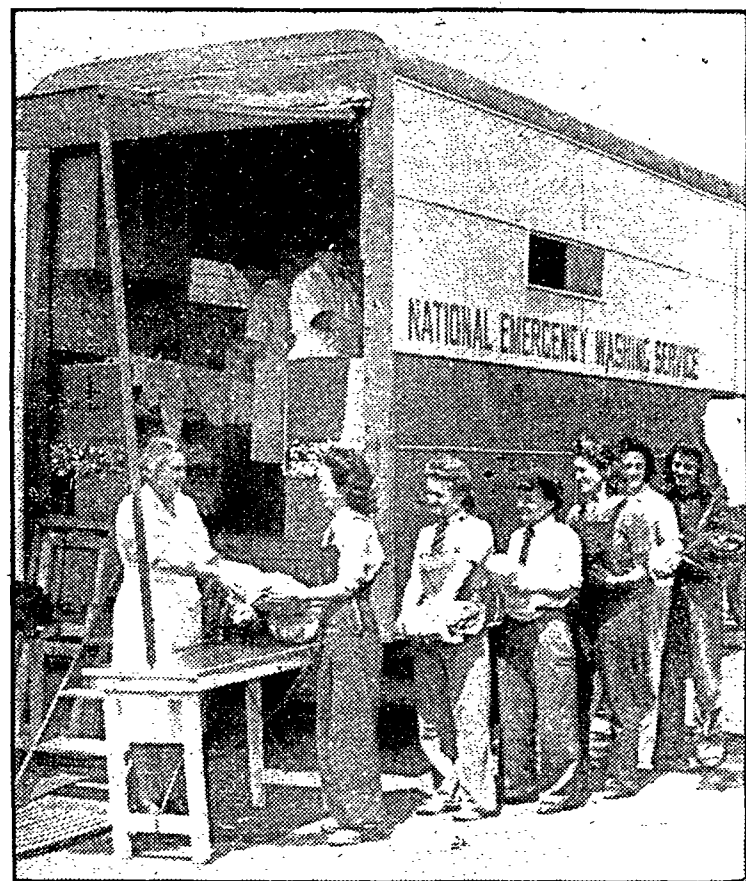
oblivious of the dignity of their surroundings, unmindful of the fact that the Royal College of Surgeons rose up in all its austerity alongside their troughs, unconscious that the Law Courts themselves were but a stone's-throw from their sties.

Here was a sight Charles Lamb would have delighted in. The gentle Elia, who loved to turn aside from London's crowded streets and breathe awhile the purer air of "its magnificent ample squares and classic green recesses," how he would have loved this mingling of the rustic with the civic! Peter Puck could picture him gazing amusedly at so unconventional a gathering in so conventional a neighbourhood, and seeing perhaps in this unwanted association of pigs and firemen a new theme for a Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

Well, here the pigs were, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, looking as though they had come to stay. No sign was there that their trespassing was unseemly in the eyes of the Law, no whispering of any legal action to put pigs in their proper place. Peter Puck went on his way, rejoicing that such things could be. One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, and when the editor hears of this (thought he) perhaps he will allow me a corner of his spacious room where I can keep my own pet; it would be nice to have something to keep me company Under the Editor's Table. Not a real pig, of course, but perhaps a guinea pig . . . or maybe a guinea!

JUST AN IDEA

Let no man abide by the decisions of myriads of ignorant men, we read in a sacred book of India.



Mobile Laundry

The travelling washing van which calls at factories solves the laundry problem for many housewives who are engaged on war work

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

ONE of the friendliest homes in England, or in the whole world for that matter, is a boarding house at Harrogate where Mr Dale is host to as many as 50 or 60 guests at a time. Since the war began he has given food and shelter and kindly hospitality to nearly 13,000 soldiers: sailors, and airmen of the United Nations.

Canadians, Americans, Poles, Czechs, Russians, British, Australians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Greeks, Dutch—all these, and many others, have slept under the hospitable roof of International House, and have made friends with each other.

A pilot once remarked to Mr Dale, "I raise my hat to you, and I will leave it to you in my will." It was heartfelt, though frivolously said, as is the way of heroes, but soon after that he met his death, and now the forage cap of this gallant pilot is one of Mr Dale's most treasured possessions. Such sadnesses

come creeping into the records of International House; but for the most part the memories of the house are as happy as its ever-changing household.

Mr Dale keeps a Visitors' Book, and an amazing book it is, with signatures from scores of countries and notes of appreciation in many languages. Once a departing guest wrote, "I only hope this international book turns out to be the symbol of the future we are fighting for, and we will be building together after the war." These words were written by a Pole, and in writing them he epitomised the thoughts of all.

We may all trust that in years to come many who stayed at International House, Harrogate, will speak affectionately of England as the place where they first learned how friendly this world could be. In such humble ways may begin the true Federation of the World.

Drum Out the Old, Drum In the New

AN example of the power of Christianity in the lives of primitive people was recently given among the Malas and the Madigas, outcaste tribes in Southern India between whom there is a feud of centuries.

Quarrels and fights are constantly breaking out in the villages between these peoples, and it is one of the chief concerns of the London Missionary Society workers in the Telegu area to help the Christian Malas and Madigas to understand that there must be no such feuds within the Church.

In connection with a Youth Movement which the LMS has started, it was decided to

organise an evangelistic trek to villages willing to offer hospitality, and this spring, as the Malas neared the first village, singing cheerfully, the Madigas came out to meet them with tom-toms, singing and dancing. One of the beats sounded on the tom-toms was the Chindu, a beat of unknown origin which has always been an unfailing cause of strife between the Malas and the Madigas owing to the insulting words associated with it. But in this instance the Malas sang a Christian song while the Madigas were playing the Chindu, and all was well. The feud is dying down. Christianity is teaching them to love their neighbours.

The Island at the Gate of Italy

Sicily has been turned by the Nazis and the Fascists into a fortress outpost of Hitler's Europe. In their steady march to restore civilisation, therefore, the Allies have been compelled to attack it; but it will not be long before the horrors of war will have passed beyond this historic island.

SICILY has been claimed by many travellers as the rarest land peopled by a European race. It contains more ancient Greek temples than can be found in Greece itself. It has open-air theatres of classic fame, mouldering in ruin in a garden of flowers, under a blue sky and above a blue sea. Its Saracen palaces and mosques rivalled those of Moorish Spain in olden times. Its Norman castles and cathedrals are among the architectural glories of the world. And above all this scene of beauty towers the vast cone of Etna, smoking menacingly like a thing of wizardry.

The art of living dangerously is native to the Sicilians. For hundreds of years their island has been the granary of the Mediterranean and the seat of sea-power between the three continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia. Fatal to Sicily were her natural riches, her dominating harbours, and her exquisite climate.

Though a much smaller island than our own, Sicily, from her weathered lava fields, used to produce more corn and fruit than Great Britain. It was not unnatural, therefore, that the Mediterranean races should fall upon Sicily. Civilisation after civilisation has been imposed on the Sicilians from the age when the sailor kings of Crete began to lift Europe out of savagery.

Tyrants Good and Bad

Of all the medley of invaders the Greek, the Saracen, and the Norman have left the greatest mark on Sicily. The island is largely a monument of their creative genius. In the fifth century before the birth of Christ the Greeks shone over the world with sunlike power. The earth blossomed in beauty where they trod it; the air trembled with music when they breathed it. When they came to eastern Sicily they made it a battle-line of advancing civilisation, and the energy of mind and soul that they poured into the island was marvellous.

But in spite of many experiments in democracy, the government of these colonial cities was in the hands of Tyrants, some good but most evil. As the bad destroyed the more successful, Athens, the one remaining hope of civilisation, was tempted to her doom. On the pretence of avenging the wrongs done to the democracies of Sicily the Athenians fitted out a huge expedition against Syracuse, the capital of the island. But the Syracusans, with help from the Spartans, withstood a siege and broke the Athenians on land and sea. It was the beginning of the end of the supremacy of Athens in Europe, for she was finally conquered by the Spartans ten years later.

Though for two centuries thereafter Syracuse was the centre of Greek civilisation it finally went down, in luxury and faith to the supreme degradation of an alliance with Car-

thage, its old enemy, and as a Carthaginian centre of power it was taken by the stern Romans.

Broken, wasted, malaria-ridden Sicily afterwards fell to the successors of the Carthaginians, the Saracens. They were a fine race. They brought much of the soil back to cultivation and built gorgeous garden palaces rivaling the Alhambra in Spain; but at the height of their power they were struck down by Norman adventurers, who arrived in the island a few years before the Normans conquered England.

Norman Influence

Their quick minds received all that Mediterranean life could give them, and then stamped the amazing mixture of Mohammedan and Christian civilisations with the impress of their own adventurous spirit. So there sprang up the dazzling art of Sicily in the Middle Ages which was to flower and seed into Gothic art. In and about Palermo, the Normans made buildings of fairy-like radiance.

The Normans ended by becoming half-Mohammedan, as did also the German emperors who married into their families and succeeded them. They chose Saracens as their life-guards, brought Arab men of science to their palaces, and lost their own strength in Oriental luxury and malarial fever; yet their work did not perish. In their palaces modern Italian lyric poetry took root, and science revived.

Then darkness fell once more on Sicily. The island passed from conqueror to conqueror—Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Austrians, and a line of tyrannical Bourbons. Though Garibaldi at last united the old Roman province to Italy the Sicilians are not yet contented.

The Curse of Barrenness

It is true that Mussolini, having suppressed the secret Mafia society, had prepared a £26,000,000 scheme to make the island once again fruitful and prosperous. But his warlike ambitions have checked these civilising developments, and the curse of barrenness remains on this once fertile land of 9926 square miles.

None the less, Sicily, in spite of poverty and emigration, has an increasing population (now 4,000,000), and has been making material and moral progress.

Though Syracuse, once the greatest town of the whole western world, has sunk to a population of about 50,000, the capital, Palermo, is about eight times that size, and Messina, with a population of over 200,000, and Catania (250,000) have taken the trade which once belonged to Syracuse.

In the countryside, however, ruined temples still stand in enchanting splendour, while memories of the Greek poets seem to linger everywhere.

To make Sicily as prosperous as it was in its greatest days will be one of the chief privileges of the victorious Allies.

CARRY ON

STRIVING & GAINING

DID you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly towards an object and in no measure obtained it?

If a man constantly aspires is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavour? Thoreau

On, On, My Little Boat

By tranquil breezes, night and morn,
Along a tranquil tide,
My little barque is lightly borne
Wherever Fate may guide.
With swelling sail she wings away
Afar, afar we float.
(Sweet zephyr, softly round her play!)

On, on, my little boat!
With Fortune's wind a port we'll find,
On, on, my little boat!

Pierre Jean de Béranger

THE RICH YOUNG RULER

BEHOLD, one came and said unto him, Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life? He said unto him, Why callest thou me good? There is none good but God. But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. The young man saith unto him, All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?

Jesus said unto him, If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me.

But when the young man heard that saying he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions. St Matthew

The Partnership

SOCIETY is a partnership between all those who have lived, all those who do live, and all those who will live. Edmund Burke

LITTLE RIVER

AND I shall sleep; and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age, and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year,
Gaily shalt play and glitter here:
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shalt pass;
And, singing down thy narrow glen,
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

William Cullen Bryant

The Way to Peace

NO peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or argument; no peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts. John Ruskin

STARS AND STRIPES

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-tramping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the Sun! to thee tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!

The Agreeable Folk

IF we look about us, and ask who are the agreeable and disagreeable people in the world, we shall see that it does not so much depend on their virtues or vices, their understanding or stupidity, as on the degree of pleasure or pain they seem to feel in ordinary social intercourse. What signify all the good qualities anyone possesses, if he is none the better for them himself? If the cause is so delightful, the effect ought to be so too. We enjoy a friend's society only in proportion as he is satisfied with ours. Even wit, however it may startle, is only agreeable as it is sheathed in good humour. William Hazlitt

When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn

Flag of the seas, on ocean's wave
Thy star shall glitter o'er the brave;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendours fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valour given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.

Joseph Rodman Drake

ON SAYING GRACE

I OWN that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grate before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queene? Charles Lamb

Our Business

OUR business is not to collect trophies, but to bring back the world to peaceful habits. British Ambassador after Waterloo



THIS ENGLAND A summer evening at Brigsteer in the south of Westmorland

Little Notes From Daisy Bates's Tent

For a generation and more Daisy Bates, who is now 83, has lived alone in a tent on the edge of barbarism, watching the wandering tribes of the last generation of Australia's original inhabitants. The C N is publishing from time to time a few notes from the letters of Mrs Bates as they come to us. Here are some more.

THE LAWS OF THE BLACK FOLK OF AUSTRALIA

I FEEL that my 16 years at Ooldea will not be lost even though I cannot again touch or speak with my Natives. I feel it because they would always say on seeing bad things or bad people, "Our Kabbarli is different."

They are very close observers. There is not one movement that they will not track and interpret according to their moral code. These laws regarding their women and girls I learned first of all from the Bibbulmun tribe of South-West Australia, all of whom could speak English yet followed their own laws.

It was the last Busselton woman, old Ngilgi, who first gave me the law that I have always kept in my tent for their sake, the law that no man except your own man must go near your hut or your fire. One day the Governor and his party came to my first camp at the foot of the Darling Range of mountains, and the admiral came inside my tent, for he wanted to tell the Duke and Duchess of York all about it before he returned home.

That evening we sat round the big fire, the Natives feasting and I listening, and I found Ngilgi knew all about the functions of our King's representatives, for she told us all that "The Governor is the King's brother, and the King can go into anybody's camp because he is the King, and the Governor can do

likewise because he stands for him; but no man except your own man can go inside your hut."

I never forgot that law or ceased to keep it. When my dear soldier son visited me I placed his table and bush shelter outside the breakwind, and the knowledge of all this has kept me safe in the high estimate of my Natives as "being different." Now they know that when I send them away from me and tell them not to come near me until they are clean they must keep away.

They still remember why they must keep away and will say, "We never saw Kabbarli, because we were not clean." If they only remember this I shall be thankful and feel that my life among them was not in vain.

All my oldest Australian Natives kept my memory clean until they passed on. They compared me to no one, and so I shall pass on at last and hope that in some part of Heaven I can mingle with them once again. I wonder!

HORSE SENSE

A man who was brought to a London police-court for driving a horse when under the influence of drink was rebuked by the magistrate, who said, "It is a very good thing for you that the horse has more sense than you have."

BEDTIME CORNER

PETS

THE first of course was PUSSY;
As soft as silk her fur;
A gentle rub on head or chin
She'd answer with a
Purr-r-r-r.

The next we had was PUPPY;
He'd rush through every gap
In fence or hedge; at sight of
ball
He'd dance and yell Yap, yap.

Once Daddy bought a PAR-
ROT;
He'd talk and talk away;
And if your hat you let him
see,
He'd sure to call Good-day.

And last, we had a PONY;
He loved clean straw and hay;
And in the stable every morn
He'd thank you with a Neigh.

Boastful Traveller

A MAN who travelled abroad made everyone tired when he returned home with wonderful tales of his deeds. "Why," said he, "at such and such a place I jumped six feet higher than anyone else, and if I were there I would do it again and show you."

"There is no need to go there," said a wise man. "Just do your leap here."

The traveller looked very foolish, and walked away.

The boastful are easily found out.

PRAYER

LOOK upon me, O Lord, and save me from danger through this night. Keep me, guard me, and guide me when I wake, that I may be one of Thy faithful little ones.

Amen

DELPHINIUM TIME



THE RAILWAYS IN WAR

The Lines Behind the Lines

KEEPING the wheels turning is no mere figure of speech to British Railways. For them it has a literal meaning—along their 51,000 miles of permanent way the rolling stock must keep rolling.

We who catch a train to school or office or factory each morning, and a train homeward each evening, know all too little of the colossal task of the railways; but the publication of Facts About British Railways in Wartime will give us a better understanding. This finely illustrated booklet, being sold everywhere at a shilling, will make us all think twice before we grumble again when the 8.15 doesn't arrive, or leave, till 8.16.

The Great Switch-Over

Our railways were already working 24 hours a day when war came with its great switch-over to the movement of troops, guns, tanks, and munitions, in addition to the normal load; and all this under conditions never before known. The blackout put a brake on the vital flow of traffic, and the blitz brought terrific damage. Yet, as fast as destruction came, engineers set to work, often renewing tracks within a few hours, and restoring demolished bridges in a single day, backed by an army of over half a million railwaymen and a hundred thousand women, all sticking to their tasks even while bombs were falling. That was the "battle of the lines" behind the lines.

This booklet unfolds in graphic words and pictures the drama of the railways in the raids. It also deals with the many aspects of rail transport in war, with the many roles played by the four Main Lines and London Transport.

Perhaps the most thrilling chapter is Train 300, which goes behind the scenes to describe a typical journey made by a special troop train—one of the many thousands of Journeys which are Really Necessary.

The Permanent Way

For boys, whose interest in trains is constant (despite the glamour of aeroplanes and cars), there are fascinating details of railway equipment, of docks, tracks, signals, and special wagons for mighty loads of guns and tanks; the biggest wagon, for instance, can carry 150 tons. There are pictures of the most powerful locomotives, and comparisons of their size and capacity.

At the end of the booklet are four pages in which each railway gives its champion statistics, such as the oldest and longest tunnels, the biggest and smallest stations, the speed records, the longest bridge, and the busiest junction (Clapham, with 2500 trains in 24 hours).

The booklet itself, deservedly a best-seller, is an admirable production about a mighty enterprise, and everybody should see it. The railways have served Britain well through both Peace and War for over a century. They will continue to serve her. That is their permanent way!

Rubber on the Rebound

THE fortunes of war have brought many difficult problems for the Allies, and one of the most serious is the loss of those vast rubber plantations in the south-west Pacific established by the British and Dutch with such benefits for the whole civilised world. Strenuous efforts are being made to replace these losses, and long-neglected sources have come into their own again.

Rubber is one of the vital needs of the Allied Nations. Malaya was the centre of the world's rubber industry, but now Brazil and the Amazon Valley are beginning again to supply the world.

Brazil is striving to produce 50,000 tons of wild rubber for the United States this year to help keep the Army rolling and ease the civilian tyre shortage.

From Belém at the Amazon's mouth to the remote territory of Acre, nearly 2000 miles inland along tortuous river channels, Brazilian and United States rubber specialists are driving hard. The atmosphere recalls boom days when Amazonian rubber supplied the world.

At many a point along the borders of Amazonia new parties of rubber tappers are being daily assembled. These are the vanguard of a hoped-for 100,000 who will press into the dense, silent shadows of the world's largest jungle and emerge bearing tons of precious rubber.

All available labour in north-eastern Brazil is being combed out of the thickets to meet a dual challenge of great intensity. Labour is scarce owing to the combination of jungle conditions in the Amazon itself and the arid, desert-like conditions in the nearest centres of population along Brazil's famous "bulge."

Manaos, 1000 miles up the Amazon, is again teeming with activity. Small boats are paddled in loaded with balls of rubber. Barges pushed by tugs of the United States Rubber Reserve Company slosh alongside the docks to have their cargoes inspected, sorted, and reshipped.

Seringueros, as Brazilian rubber tappers are called in Portuguese, know that every one of those 50,000 tons marked out

for delivery in 1943 must be accumulated drop by drop as the milky latex drips into cups at the end of slashes in the bark.

In order to gather 10 to 15 pounds, each tapper must deal with some 200 trees a day, often so scattered that there are only two or three trees to an acre. Many of the trees can be reached only by hacking a path with machetes through dense jungle undergrowth.

To help individual gatherers in their arduous task the Brazilian and United States Governments are collaborating by means unknown in the earlier rubber boom. Airports are being hewn from the jungle in order to fly food and supplies closer to the camps of the tappers. Pan-American Airways is taking an active part, and so is the Airport Development Corporation that has rimmed northern South America with vital flying fields.

To a seringueiro bending over the pit where he smokes his latex as he slowly rolls it into a large ball on a pole, the figures on United States needs as stated by the Baruch Committee would seem incredible. Even at the height of Amazonian production, early in this century, only 43,000 tons went down river to Belém and the world.

Military and other essential demands from July 1, 1942, to Jan. 1, 1944—with no allowance for ordinary civilian tyres—are estimated at 842,000 tons. To meet this demand, beyond existing stockpiles in the United States, 264,000 tons are needed. Imports of natural rubber have been counted on to supply 53,000 tons, leaving 211,000 tons to be made up from synthetic production. All this is only the beginning of the strenuous efforts which will soon or late bring victory to the Allied Nations.

Something New on the Kitchen Front

WE have been hearing a good deal of the new vegetable called Celtuce, writes a correspondent, which they have discovered in America.

We are not quite clear whether it should be described as a salad or a vegetable, for it is really both. When young it is a salad; when it has grown to a height of two feet it expects to be cooked. The great feature is the stalk. The stalks are cut off at the height of one inch and the leaves stripped off. The stalks are tied together and sent to market. They may be packed on ice for export, and a reasonable period of storage actually increases the flavour.

The Celtuce, like many of the plants developed by the great Luther Burbank, is a crossbreed. That is to say, he took the ripe pollen of one plant and dusted it on to the sticky pistil of another of some kindred genus. The two plants so blended to produce the Celtuce were presumably the celery and the lettuce.

What is the Celtuce like? And how is it grown? The seed is very small and black. I find it difficult to distinguish it from

the seed of celeriac, which is like a turnip with a celery taste.

The notice on the seed-packet says you need fertile soil with plenty of organic matter. So we agreed at school to use the grass cuttings from last year's cricket pitch. In this the Celtuce is similar to celery, which always needs plenty of moisture and which requires warmth. So does Celtuce, which likes a temperature of 60° to 70°.

And now a word on the kitchen front. The young leaves may be plucked from the growing plant and used as a salad with a touch of salt or mayonnaise, along with other salad leaves, chives, and spring onions. The stalks should be cooked in salted water, like asparagus. Its appearance is pale green and very attractive. It has valuable vitamin and mineral content.

A new flavour in our food has always something exciting about it. Just think what a lift was given to civilisation by the man who took the cocoa bean, and finding it rather bitter, said to himself, "A touch of sugar cane would improve this," and so "discovered" chocolate.

The Children's Newspaper, July 3, 1943

China Will Remember Them

NEW China, proud though she is of her growing greatness and self-sufficiency, will be sorry to lose Sir Frederick Maze; as sorry as she was to lose his uncle, Sir Robert Hart.

These two great Ulstermen represented British control of China's Maritime Customs for 90 years. It may be wondered why the Chinese tolerated that control in the days of the fiery little dowager empress and her brilliant adviser Li-Hung-Chang, in the revolutionary days of Sun-Yat-Sen, and more recently under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. But they not only tolerated it, they welcomed it. For this mighty nation in the past suffered much from official corruption and neglect, and Robert Hart put an end to all concerning the Customs in the 1880s.

It was an earlier British Consul-General, Sir Rutherford Alcock, who first instituted a Chinese Customs Service. Until his day a group of mandarins at Shanghai had levied what tolls they pleased whenever they pleased, and there was no security from the oppression and fraud they practised until the ferocious and amazing Tai-ping Rebellion in 1851 sent them all scattering for their lives.

Alcock saw that order must be re-established, together with some firm basis of trade. He persuaded the Chinese Imperial Government, after General Gordon had suppressed the rebellion in 1864, to place the Customs Service in British hands. But it was the quiet, rather shabbily-dressed young Irishman, Robert Hart, who not long afterwards built the organisation up, and maintained it until it soon became the main security for the credit of the whole of China's immense mercantile development.

Hart understood the Chinese, learned their language and their ways of thought, loved them—but so far as his sphere of action went, he ruled them. He was always an autocrat, to the end of the long life which he spent in China's service. But he was honest as the day, and the Chinese are an honest people. He was efficient, and the Chinese admire efficiency. He was supremely intelligent, and the Chinese are very intelligent too. He was determined to safeguard and strengthen the trade of China, and the Chinese are great traders.

No wonder they loved and trusted Robert Hart. He built up, out of nothing, a complete Civil Service, consisting of 1000 Europeans, most of them British, and 8000 Chinese. All were

picked men, honest and absolutely dependable. Well paid, they had immense prestige, and concentrated upon the task of creating order and progress out of muddle, corruption, and chaos. How well they succeeded we may judge from the fact that Hart's nephew, Frederick William Maze, was appointed to the post of Inspector-General of the Chinese Maritime Customs by Chiang Kai-shek only a year after the Generalissimo had managed to consolidate his own position as President of the new Republic in 1928.

Now Sir Frederick is retiring, and with him the British control comes to an end. If not for ill-health, this brilliant nephew of a great-hearted uncle might even now be at his post, though he is well into the seventies. He became Inspector-General in the turmoil of the first years after the end of the civil war, and was faced only a couple of years later with the Japanese invasion which drove the Chinese free Government from Shanghai and her other ports, and left him and his men to deal with the new problems of a ruthless and unscrupulous foreign invader.

He managed this impossible task for a while, and held the Service together. True, he had to leave China in the end, but he was back at Chungking at the end of last year, and on duty again. Only ill-health, and not age, has brought him home.

Now the Customs Service falls into Chinese hands entirely, and it is what Hart would have wished, for he trained two generations of Chinese officials for that very purpose. But China and her illustrious leader and President will not forget, when their country is once more peaceful and prosperous, the uncle and nephew from Ulster who made it their life's work to build up a splendid, efficient, and incorruptible Customs Service from such hopeless beginnings.

DANDELION NEWS

After a long voyage through the Persian Gulf, and a call at Bombay, a little supply of seeds has reached Australia, and much is expected from it.

It is the seed of a Russian dandelion, the *Taraxacum Koksa-glyz*, which contains latex in its roots, and is one of Russia's chief sources of rubber.

The Soviet Government sent a small quantity for experimental purposes to Australia last year, and in view of the encouraging results a second consignment has now arrived there to make planting possible on a great scale.

We may hope, therefore, that dandelion rubber will soon be added to the long list of natural treasures of Australia.

VOICES IN THE STORM

A TINY boat being tossed like a piece of cork hither and thither in an angry sea met the gaze of watchers on the cliffs of the South-West coast the other day.

There seemed little hope for the three exhausted men aboard; the frail craft was being rapidly swept to the rocks, and the life-boat was unable to approach.

A gasp of horror came from the watchers when the boat cap-sized under the crushing blow of a huge wave. The next minute the men were in the water. Two were so weak that they quickly disappeared. Only one was left. He struck out gallantly for the shore, battling against heavy, almost overwhelming odds. The struggle seemed too much. He would never survive.

Then, just as it looked as if he were on the point of giving in, three little girls shouted to him in high-pitched voices: "Stick it! Stick it! Swim! Swim!"

The words appeared to put new life into him. He made another valiant effort and was borne on the crest of a wave towards the shore. Then, at last, a human chain brought him safely out of the deep.

The little girls wrote to him in hospital, congratulating him on his grand fight.

He replied that he was the only survivor of a torpedoed merchant ship. "I was so weak from long exposure and so overwhelmed by the huge seas that I lost heart, and decided to give up," he wrote. "Then I heard your voices coming over the waves, with words that encouraged me to try again."

YOUTH CLUBS

Youth Club Work, by Sid G. Hedges (Pilgrim Press, 3s 6d).

Here is a book which is not only a practical guide for all workers and leaders of youth clubs, but is also of interest to all who have close at heart the well-being of the young. Every aspect of the work of youth clubs is here dealt with by Mr Hedges in efficient and enlightened manner, together with all their activities—social, intellectual, educational, physical, and spiritual; and because one of the chief aims of the book is to encourage the founding of new clubs there are excellent chapters on Starting a Club and Organisation.

Youth will be served, and it will be finely served if the advice in this comprehensive and well-indexed book is carried out.

A Varied Career

A four-masted barque lately came sailing into London Docks with a cargo of grain, and with a chequered history behind her.

Her name is the *Hans*, but before she took up her latest career she was the *Mary Dollar*, less usefully employed off California as a floating dance casino. When that business slumped in one place she became the *Tango* in another, and then was bought to carry cargo along the Pacific Coast as the *Marie*. But after all these episodes in a varied career she has settled down as a grain ship, to carry food where it is welcome, and our congratulations are due to her.

On the Very Heels of Victory

THERE is hereby established a United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.

Such are the opening words of a draft agreement on post-war relief sent by the U.S. Government to all the member nations of the United Nations. This draft, prepared by Britain, the United States, Russia, and China, is a message to the world which amounts to a pledge to civilisation.

Having declared their intention to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender from their enemies, the United Nations now, in effect, proclaim that the populations of the countries they liberate shall receive "aid and relief from their sufferings"—aid in preventing famine and pestilence, and in the recovery of health; aid in making arrangements for the return of prisoners and exiles to their homes; aid in the resumption of agriculture and industry; aid in the restoration of essential services—to sum up, aid to ensure that the peoples once freed may be preserved and restored for the tasks and opportunities of rebuilding.

That is a great promise; it is obviously an undertaking to fulfil the Atlantic Charter's promise to free the world from want, and to give opportunity to all the peoples of the world. It is a League of Justice and Mercy.

The U.N.R.R.A. will be governed by a Council representing every Government within the United Nations. This Council will have the aid of several committees, a Committee for Europe, a Com-

mittee for the Far East, and a Committee of Supplies, while a Central Committee will exercise executive functions; it will have four permanent members, representing the United States, Great Britain, Russia, and China. The Chairman of the Committee of Supplies will usually sit with the Central Committee to speed up the arranging of supplies. A Director General will be the president of the Central Committee, and possess the executive authority of the entire administration.

It is recognised that executive action will soon be needed, and the executive will be prepared to take any prompt action, necessary in consultation with the commanders in war areas.

In effect, this great effort amounts to the preparation of a Treaty of Peace. We have a vision of victorious commanders advancing to secure defeated nations from want with the aid of a great civil administration, armed with means of succour. The erection of the U.N.R.R.A. is one of the most important political events in human history.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere, 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'



"On the job?"
EAT BERMALINE BREAD
for its greater nourishment

Ask your Baker or write BERMALINE BROS. GLASGOW

THE NATION'S HEALTH IS THE NATION'S WEALTH

We must see to it that the children suffer as little as possible. Holidays and Outings for older folk as well as for children will be given this year—for many the only break they will have from the dreary East End. Please help with a donation to:
REV. PERCY INESON,
EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885),
Bromley Street, Commercial Road,
Stepney, E.1.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inkeduct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No. 477,666) gives fountain pen action with advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib. "Inkeduct" opens for easy cleaning. Supplied with four patterns of nib.

THE INKEDUCT HOLDS THE INK.

Until normal times arrive, supplies may be limited. So, treasure your INKEDUCT pens—they are valuable.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD, VICTORIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

THE BRAN TUB

SNAPPY

MAGISTRATE: Your name?
Prisoner: Smith.
Magistrate: Occupation?
Prisoner: Locksmith.
Magistrate: Sergeant, lock
Smith up!

Just Fancy

THERE was a faith-healer of
Deal,
Who said "Although pain isn't
real,
If I sit on a pin,
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."

Jacko's Public Bath



DURING the dry hot weather the village pond looked most inviting, and that was why Jacko thought of doing a bit of boating on it. With Chimp to help him, he dragged an old bath down into the water and pushed off. Halfway across, the plug flew out and the old tub began to sink. So all the boys got for their trouble was a good soaking in muddy water!

Muscle and Mussel

WHAT is the difference between a muscle and a mussel? Not so much as might be thought, as was found some time ago when it was suggested that the famous Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee River should be re-named Mussel Shoals like the shell-fish after which they were called.

It was found by reference to a map of 1832 that the early settlers spelt the name of the bivalve as muscle, and that muscle-shell, the old form, was retained in many dictionaries till 1875.

LACONIC

WHEN Philip of Macedon wrote to the Spartan authorities, "If I enter Laconia I will level Lacedaemon to the ground," he received in reply the one word "If."

It is not surprising therefore that a short pithy saying expressing much in few words is described as laconic, after the Laconians.

One Thing at a Time

CHIEF: Please be quiet. Do you have to whistle at your work?

Boy: I'm not working, sir.

A New Jack Horner

STUDIOUS John Horner,
Of Latin no scorner,
In the second declension did spy
How nouns there are some
Which ending in 'um'.
Do not make their plurals in i.

The Parting of the Ways

CHOOSE a word and let a number of people write this down on a sheet of paper. Then independently let each write a succession of twelve words or names, each word to be suggested by the one before. It is surprising in what different directions the original word leads different people. Thus, suppose the word to be Lion. Here are two sets of words:

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Lion. | 1. Lion. |
| 2. Africa. | 2. Zoo. |
| 3. Livingstone. | 3. London. |
| 4. Missionary. | 4. Thames. |
| 5. Preaching. | 5. River. |
| 6. Church. | 6. Water. |
| 7. Arches. | 7. Ice. |
| 8. Guy Fawkes. | 8. Frost. |
| 9. Gunpowder. | 9. North Pole. |
| 10. Roger Bacon. | 10. Explorer. |
| 11. Alchemy. | 11. Peary. |
| 12. Superstition. | 12. America. |

A Seamstress Who Seams

THERE was a young fellow of
Rheims.
Who cried, "All is not as it
seems."
A seamstress who seams,
Seems just as she seems,
Yet she seams seams that seem to
be seams."

Other Worlds

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the west. In the morning Saturn is in the east and Mars is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, June 30.



KING BABY

THEMISTOCLES, the great Athenian, used to declare that his infant son ruled the world, and when asked how that could be replied:
My infant son rules his mother.
His mother rules me.
I rule the Athenians.
The Athenians rule the Greeks.
The Greeks rule Europe.
And Europe rules the world.

The Tree That Becomes Many

PROBABLY the most remarkable tree in the world is the banyan tree of India. Its branches hang down to the ground and develop roots, and are thus turned into new stems. In course of time the banyan becomes many trees, perhaps even 200, forming a huge grove in which birds and monkeys make their homes. Sometimes the birds drop on a palm tree a banyan seed, which sends its roots down the palm, in time covering it up.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, June 30, to Tuesday, July 6.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 A Nursery Sing-Song with Boris and Nan; followed by The Devil on Horseback, a Lancashire Legend made into a play by R. J. Williams and produced by Nan Macdonald.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Tammy Troot's Visitor, by Lavinia Derwent, told by W. H. D. Jos; followed by Prize Winners All, in which young singers and players in recent Scottish Musical Festivals will let you hear their test pieces.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Olive Shapley's Letter from America; followed by Gramophone Records. 5.45 The House at Westminster, by Megan Lloyd George.

The Children's Newspaper, July 3, 1943

Put Out

LITTLE Joan was reading, and from time to time asked her brother Eric to help her with big words.
"What is 'this word?' she asked.
"Extinguish," replied Eric. "It means to put out."
Silence for a few minutes, and then, from Joan:
"This word, please, Eric?"
"Narrative. That means a tale."

A little later Joan's pet dog began worrying her, and, looking up, she called to her brother:
"Oh, Eric, please take Spot by the narrative and extinguish him."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

GR	OW	AC	ID	Changing Heals
PI	TCH	EX		Bat, cat, eat,
AD	EN	OUSE		fat, hat, mat, oat,
JO	Y	ARMED		pat, rat, sat, vat.
ND	D	NP		
TOTAL	TIP			Buried Places
ORAL	DIAL			Toronto, Berlin,
AP	PLEAD	A		Guinea, Peru,
DREY	MEAN			Lyons, Thebes,
				China.

Free Trade For the World?

Boy. I notice that President Roosevelt in stating Four Freedoms as essential aims for all mankind, named Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, Freedom from Want, and Freedom from Fear, but did not include Freedom of Trade. Would not Freedom of Trade be an excellent thing for the world?

Man. If you bear in mind that President Roosevelt was a joint author of the Atlantic Charter, you will realise that the importance of Freedom of Trade is clearly realised by the President and advocated by him. When President Roosevelt and Mr Churchill stated in the Fifth Point of the Charter that they desired to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, they indicated the ideal of unhindered traffic between all countries as essential to securing for all Freedom from Want and Freedom from Fear. The matter is one of the greatest importance to us all, for in the interval between the two wars the world as a whole experienced considerable decline of freedom in international trade.

Even in Britain, where Freedom of Trade was for long years the policy of successive governments, we turned, through the world-wide slump in trade after the first World War, to the policy of restricting imports which had long been the accepted policy of the

Republican Party of the United States. Indeed, the US Government declined to grant such a measure of Free Trade as would have allowed the nations of Europe, including ourselves, to repay their enormous war debts by exporting goods to America.

Boy. Do you think that the United States will now change her policy, and allow goods to come untaxed into her markets?

Man. It is very difficult to say exactly what course will be taken, but undoubtedly Freedom of Trade now has many more friends in America, and if the letter and spirit of the Atlantic Charter comes to be accepted freely by Congress a great liberation of trade would react upon the entire world.

Boy. What principle moves those who oppose Freedom of Trade?

Man. Those who believe in restricting imports do so in the belief that by keeping out foreign goods they protect the home producer from competition and thus give him security in his trade, especially protecting him from unfair competition and price-cutting. Those, on the other hand, who believe in Freedom of Trade urge that by placing no restrictions upon imports they enable a country to pursue the trades best suited to it, and help it to obtain raw materials and a profitable shipping trade. By

The Boy Talks With the Man

following the freedom policy, Britain made great use of her coal, built up a splendid shipping trade, and had all the world's materials at her free disposal, which gave her fine results in cotton, in wool, and in metals. We came to import enormous quantities of raw materials and to export great amounts of manufactured articles made by applying coal to free imports. At the same time, Britain was able to obtain abundant supplies of good and cheap food, but this was not liked by the farmers, who had to accept low prices for their home-produced food.

Boy. I suppose war has a great deal to do with the formation of trade opinion and trade policy?

Man. Undoubtedly. Thus, a number of British people turned against Freedom of Trade when they noticed in the First World War that we were deficient in certain trades which might have been protected. On the other hand, the opinion of American protectionists has in some cases become more liberal through the exigencies of war. It seems rather as though the policy of the Atlantic Charter, which is all for collaboration in trade, will move the nations to adopt measures enabling trade to benefit all nations by diffusing the products without which good work cannot possibly be done.

Her teeth are YOUR concern-

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, safe from the danger of decay. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia', which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.



* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparations of magnesia.